

Chapter 1

He knew something would go wrong.

He had felt it, just felt it, ever since she had insisted on going to Hogwarts. He could just sense that something would slip up, that something terribly wrong would happen to her. He never wanted it to, of course, but he could just tell it would happen.

She'd gotten into a brawl with Malfoy her first year. Naturally, he'd pulled the thugs out on her. But her already sparked knowledge of defensive magic (Where had she learned it? From Fleur?) had saved her from any damage. While Crabbe and Goyle both were sent to the hospital wing, she had exited the fight unscathed.

Whenever he managed to locate a possible Horcrux, he forbade anyone except for Ron and Hermione to go with him, but somehow she had always managed to get herself tangled in with them. Sometimes she had faced more dangers than he, especially with Nagini, Voldemort's snake. But she always managed to turn out okay.

Then came her second year. He had graduated; she was still getting used to Hogwarts, but thankfully she had Ginny and Luna (and a few others) as her guides. He applied for the Defense Against the Dark Arts post, but, like Tom Riddle, he was turned down because he was too young.

The time came for him to have the final battle against Voldemort. Although he wasn't too keen on putting them in danger, he called on Ginny and Luna to help. He knew what power they both had, and he could've used it. Somehow, though, she had managed to sneak along with them. He was furious, but he knew he didn't have the time to argue about taking her back, and, if he won, the time to actually take her back. So he let her stay.

When the battle resolved, he found she hadn't been damaged too badly. She told him that many a Death Eater had aimed an Unforgivable her way, but she managed to dodge them all.

After that, nothing too harmful had come her way. Over holidays she had become like a sister to him, the sister he never had. She would

show up at the Burrow during holidays looking completely different from the last time he saw her. He never thought that he had changed that much over the school year.

He watched her develop as a young woman. She grew more beautiful each time he saw her. He couldn't help admiring how beautiful she was at only fourteen, and he was rather scared of falling for her as many of the schoolboys had.

She went off for her fifth year. She reported that nothing too terrible had happened, but instead something good. She had made Seeker on the Gryffindor Quidditch team, which had made him proud.

At the end of her fifth year, a few leftover Death Eaters decided they wanted revenge. He and the Order went to battle against them, and still she managed to get caught in the fight. But, yet again, nothing truly terrible had happened.

Her fifth year came to an end. She had passed all of her O.W.L.s. She had been given an award for helping take down the Death Eaters (most of which were in Azkaban; once Voldemort died, the dementors returned to the good side). She was considered very popular. She seemed to have it all.

But over the summer before her sixth year, his feeling that something would go wrong only grew.

She knew something would go right.

She had been accepted to Beauxbatons and Hogwarts since she was born in France and everyone else in her family had gone to Beauxbatons, but since her parents died and she moved to England to stay with her sister and brother-in-law, she was accepted into Hogwarts, too. She had picked Hogwarts against her sister's wishes because it was closer to her new home and she just felt that something would go right.

When he went for Horcruxes, she went too, even though he forbade her. She knew something would go right if she went along.

And something did. At the end of her second year, Voldemort was killed. But even though that was extremely right, she still felt something different would happen that was right.

So she waited. Many right things happened in her third and fourth years: She had top marks in class, was considered popular, and had her first boyfriend and kiss. She was also beginning to be attracted to him, the one she had love like a brother ever since they became friends. She would daydream about him: His jet black hair, his electric green eyes, his beautiful smile. It was a pity that he was six years older than she. She continuously told herself that it was a schoolgirl crush, nothing more.

In her fifth year she broke up with her boyfriend, but she had the feeling that it was going to happen anyway. She blew it off and instead concentrated on her new responsibility, being Seeker on the Gryffindor Quidditch team. She was rather proud of the position, and she took it seriously.

Death Eaters decided to knock on the door of revenge and called a battle with the Order of the Phoenix. She managed to sneak into the battle again because she knew they needed her help, even if they protested. They had defeated the Death Eaters and sent them to Azkaban for life. Every Order member received an award. Even though she was not of the Order, she received an award as well.

After that, things went pretty smoothly. She had passed all of her O.W.L.s. She was single and loving it. She had so many friends she couldn't count them all. But still, she felt as if something even more right would happen.

Over the summer before her sixth year that feeling grew even more.

Chapter Two

"Gabrielle! Gabrielle, wake up! Oh, Gabrielle, come! You must see!"

"Go back to bed, Ralph. It's too early," Gabrielle mumbled as she turned over on her bed.

"No! It's nine o' clock! And there's this really pretty bluebird outside that you must see!"

"Can't you take Fleur or Ginny or anyone else but me?"

"No! Mum and Aunt Ginny both said to get you!"

"Oh, all right!" Gabrielle sat up in bed and finally opened her eyes. The room was exploding with light. Could it really have been nine in the morning?

Gabrielle shuddered to think of what it would be like that afternoon.

"Well, we're not going to get anywhere by just sitting here! Come on, come on, get moving!" Four-year-old Ralph was practically bouncing off the walls in excitement. This made Gabrielle suspicious. Not even *he* could be this excited over a silly bluebird.

As she got up and grabbed her robe she caught a glance of herself in the mirror. Why, oh *why* couldn't she have silky, silvery hair like her sister's? Sure, her golden locks were far more beautiful than any whole-human's, but it was so much work! Fleur could wake up and not have to do anything to her hair, but Gabrielle wouldn't dare go out of her bedroom before attacking that mass that was her hair.

"Gabrielle! Come on!"

She sighed as she laid down her brush, her hair looking one-eighth better.

Ralph grabbed her hand and dragged her downstairs. Instead of dragging her to the front door, though, he dragged her towards the kitchen. She figured he was taking her to the backyard.

When they entered the kitchen, however, it was a very different story. Her sister, brother-in-law, and practical family were all downstairs, waiting for her. Mrs. Weasley was holding out a cake for her, and only then did she remember that it was August 4th, 2002, her sixteenth birthday. "Happy birthday, Gabrielle!" they all cried as a huge smile crossed her face.

"You guys did all this for me?" True, the house had been strewn with streamers and confetti was everywhere (including in her hair, since Gred and Forge had sneaked up behind her and showered her in confetti). One by one, they all took her in a hug, starting with her sister and ending with Harry. His was fairly special to her. He had grabbed her in a huge hug while whispering in her ear, "Happy birthday, Gabby." It had sent chills down her spine. She sighed, sitting down just as other close friends, like Lupin and Luna, arrived. They joined the party as cake (which was actually layers and layers of pancakes stuck together with butter and syrup) was being served.

After she had finished, Gabrielle was showered with presents. Her favorite was from Harry, a beautiful silver bracelet with sapphires encrusted in it. Her heart soared when she received this gift. She put it on immediately.

Once everyone had gotten dressed, the twins challenged her to a game of Quidditch, saying it wasn't a party without *some* kind of game. She accepted, but didn't get Harry, seeing as they were both seekers.

Her team won.

Gabrielle looked at the clock. 10:59 PM. Perfect. Everyone was asleep. She grabbed her robe and looked in the mirror. She looked much better than she had when she first woke up. 'Tonight I'm going to do it. Tonight I'm going to get him.'

She sneaked into the hall and tip-toed until she found what she was looking for.

Harry glanced up as he heard a creak. Gabrielle was at his doorway. She had a look on her face that seemed to say, 'I want this. *Now.*'

"Bonjour, Harry," she whispered, the expression remaining.

"G-Gabrielle," he stuttered as she glided in and pushed the door closed behind her. "Is something wrong?"

"No, Harry, not at all." The words seemed to glide out of her mouth as she pointed her wand at the door. The tip glowed a faint shade of purple, but nothing else seemed to be happening.

"What were you doing?" Harry asked as Gabrielle turned back to him.

"Oh, nothing," Gabrielle sighed. In truth, it was a silencing spell combined with a locking spell, which Luna had taught her.

"You're underage, Gabrielle. You shouldn't have done that."

"Harry," Gabrielle sighed, her French accent long gone, "I am the only underage witch in a house full of overage witches and wizards. They probably couldn't even tell it was me."

"Okay... So, what are you doing in here?"

She smirked. "That's for me to know and for you to find out."

All this time she had been inching towards his bed. Now she was sitting so close her face was inches away from his. He gulped.

"Gabrielle..."

She put a finger to his lips. "Shh, Harry. Silence is golden."

Oh God.

As she leaned in, Harry was having one of his famous brain battles:

'Stop!'

'Why?'

'She's too young!'

'So?'

Before the "con" voice could say anything else, her lips were on his. They were soft and gentle. Letting instinct take over, he kissed her back fully. She pulled a tiny distance away.

"I want you, Harry."

Chapter 3

Harry's eyes flew open as the door creaked. "Harry, get up! Breakfast!" came from the mouth of Ron Weasley.

Harry sighed as he sat up and put on his glasses. Only then did he notice what he was (or wasn't) wearing. Memories of last night flooded back to him. *'Gabrielle must have woken up early and left,'* he thought, explaining the reason why the quarter-veela wasn't there. *'Oh, shit, what was I thinking? She's only sixteen! Will she tell anyone? Oh God...'*

He continued to have similar thoughts as he got dressed and walked downstairs. He found the normal picture of people when he went into the kitchen; Bill and Fleur, holding hands; Mr. Weasley, reading *The Daily Prophet*; Fred and George talking about some business scheme; and Ron, Ginny, and Gabrielle playing a game of Exploding Snap while waiting for Mrs. Weasley to finish cooking. As he sat down to play with them, Gabrielle looked up and smiled. Actually, it was more like a smirk, asking him if he remembered last night. He blinked twice, a code of theirs no one else knew about.

As Mrs. Weasley brought them their plates, a handsome owl flew through the window and landed in front of Harry. He removed the letter attached to the owl and opened it.

Dear Mr. Potter,

Thank you for your application for the Defense against the Dark Arts post. I am pleased to inform you that you have been accepted. Please arrive at Hogwarts at nine o' clock AM on September first. You will also need to tell me what books the students will need for your class.

Headmistress Minerva McGonagall

His heart soared. He had wanted this post ever since he'd defeated Voldemort. Everyone thought that he would want to be an Auror, but something just seemed to lead him to teaching Defense. He folded the paper over and stuck it in the pocket of his jeans.

“Hey, Harry, what’d the letter say?” Ron asked, for once not having a mouthful of food.

“I got accepted as Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher,” Harry replied. It felt really good to say that he would actually be a teacher.

“That’s great!” Ginny said. “What are you going to teach them about?”

“I dunno,” Harry said. I’ll probably do a kind of mix between Lupin’s teaching method and the D.A.”

“So it’ll basically be the D.A. with creatures and no Galleons?” Ron summarized.

“Yeah, pretty much.”

“Gabrielle, you’ve been awful quiet,” Ginny directed at the normally talkative blonde. True, Gabrielle seemed to be in a trance.

“What?” Gabrielle asked, returning to Earth. “Oh, I was just thinking. Congratulations on getting the job, Harry.”

“Thanks, Gabby,” said Harry.

All through the rest of breakfast Gabrielle seemed to be in her own little world. She had done this a lot when she was younger, but everyone had thought she’d grown out of it. She actually did it a lot more than everyone thought. She just did it when no one was near. This time she was thinking about the previous night. She had waited and waited for her sixteenth birthday so he could finally get what she wanted from whom she wanted it. Now she had gotten what she wanted and wanted something to blossom from it. Now nothing could. He was her teacher. She probably didn’t mean that much to him anyway, at least not in the way she hoped.

“Gabrielle, where are you going?” She realized she had gotten up while in deep thought.

“Umm...I’m going to my room. I need to think about something.” It was true. Even while in her world it was hard to think with *her* Harry

laughing at something oh-so-sweet Ginny – who obviously had fallen head over heels for him – had said.

Harry watched as Gabrielle walked out of the room and up the stairs. He had noticed she had seemed to be in a daze all through breakfast. He thought it might have had something to do with what had happened the previous night. He realized they would have to keep it a secret and not do anything about it now that he was a teacher. They'd just have to put it behind them like nothing had ever happened. But Harry knew that would be impossible, and he also got the feeling that Gabrielle had different ideas.

September 1st

"Oh my gosh! Gabrielle! Hi!" Emily Jantz squealed as she ran up to squeeze her best friend until she couldn't breathe. Gabrielle laughed as she returned the fierce hug with even more power. They let go just as their other friends walked through the magical barrier.

"Hey guys, what's up?" Rebecca Greisman high-fived Emily as she and her brother Rowan walked up to join the group. Gabrielle blushed as Rowan approached. They used to date, but things had ended up rather messy. They had decided to be just friends, which worked out fine for both of them. Now she could see the badge he was proudly wearing on his chest.

"Head Boy, Rowan? Nice work!" Maddie Menzel had joined their group and apparently had noticed Rowan's badge as well.

"Thanks, Maddie," Rowan smiled. Gabrielle giggled as he only slightly puffed out his chest a little further.

"Oh my gosh, guys, we've gotta get on the train!" Emily pointed to the clock on the platform. The five teenagers grabbed their luggage and raced for the train, laughing the whole way.

Once they were on the train and making their way to store their luggage, Gabrielle felt a sudden tug and groaned as her luggage fell off her cart. She glanced behind her and saw the culprit.

“Oops! So sorry, Delacour. Oh...wait...NOT!” Morrissa Sherry giggled with her stupid group of Slytherins. “I would help you with that, but I don’t really want to...so I guess you’ll just have to do it yourself.”

“Morrissa, apologize and help Gabrielle now,” Rowan demanded.

“Ooh, what’s the big, scary Head Boy gonna do, especially since we’re not in school?” Morrissa taunted.

“Rowan, don’t make her help. She’ll just make it worse,” Gabrielle muttered as she lifted her trunk back onto the cart.

“Yeah, Greisman, I’ll just make it worse. Maybe Delacour does have some smarts after all...”

“Sherry, just go.” Rowan pointed in the direction she came from. Morrissa rolled her eyes and walked in the direction he was pointing, her group trailing behind her.

“Well guys, it’s been fun, but Maddie and I have to get to the prefects’ compartment. See you later.” Rowan and Maddie waved as they set off for the front of the train.

“So I guess it’s just the three of us now, huh?”

“Yeah, the three amigos!” Rebecca giggled.

“Careful,” Gabrielle pointed out, “Maddie might get jealous if she heard you.”

“Oh, she wouldn’t get jealous. She’d know if she were here that it would be the four amigos.”

“Hey, you guys wanna go get a compartment?” Emily asked. “We’ve been standing here for a while. I wouldn’t be surprised if they were all full.”

Luckily when they were searching they found an empty compartment at the end of the train. Shortly after settling in, Maddie returned to the compartment with a love-struck look on her face. The girls teased her about her crush on Rowan and joked around about whom would date whom that year when the lunch trolley came around.

"Should we get some candy?" Rebecca asked as they heard the trolley bell ringing.

"The chocolate frogs can give you warts! I'll pass."

"Emily!"

"What? They do!"

"No, they don't, Emily," Maddie said calmly.

"Maddie, are you like reading the dedications or something? You haven't gotten anywhere in that book, but normally you read at lightning speed!"

"And if I am? The dedications in this book are really interesting!"

"What could be so interesting about dedications?" Gabrielle asked as she read over Maddie's shoulder.

"Lots of things." Maddie passed the book to Gabrielle, who skimmed the dedication page.

"Wow, this is cool! Rebecca, Emily, look!"

"At what? Does it mean I have to read?"

"Yes, Emily." The book was passed to Rebecca, who glanced over the page, then flipped through the book.

"Hey Maddie, what's this book called?"

"*Zoning*. It's a new Muggle book. You would have found that out if you had looked on the cover."

"Oh, hey, you're right!"

Gabrielle laughed at the kids she called friends. They really were awesome people, but they could act like they were twelve again at the drop of the hat.

Suddenly Gabrielle heard the bell of the trolley again. "Come on guys, let's get food while we have the chance!"

Hogwarts

"So who do you think is going to be the new Defense teacher?" Rebecca asked as they got out of the carriage.

"I don't know," Maddie replied, "but I hope it's someone really good."

Gabrielle smirked. "Oh, trust me, he is."

"You know who it is? Is he cute?" Emily squealed.

"Yes, I know, and yes, he is." *But he's mine...*

"Oh, good, then he must be good!"

"Emily, just because he's cute does *not* mean that he's good! Look at what happened to Gilderoy Lockheart!"

"Yeah, but he was a fraud," Gabrielle put in. "This guy is the real deal."

"Well good, because it'll be nice having a great teacher for the N.E.W.T. classes," Maddie said.

Maddie left or the Ravenclaw table as the other three continued their walk to the Gryffindor table. Just as they sat down, Professor McGonagall led in the scared-looking first years. It was just then that Gabrielle noticed no one was sitting in the headmaster/mistress's seat. If McGonagall was here shouldn't someone else lead in the first years?

As if answering her thoughts, Professor McGonagall set down the stool and Sorting Hat and turned to face the students.

“As much as I have enjoyed being Headmistress, it is in Dumbledore’s will that if ever there should come a way for Remus Lupin to become Headmaster that the job should be offered to him. So, thanks to Ms. Hermione Granger, please help me welcome Headmaster Remus Lupin!”

Just as she spoke, a not-very-ratty Remus Lupin came into the Great Hall, beaming at the great applause.

“And, since this is my last time here as a teacher, I would like to introduce to you the new students.

“James Baxter!”

“SLYTHERIN!” the Sorting Hat yelled.

“Karli Boatright!”

“RAVENCLAW!”

“Wow, a new headmaster? That’s pretty awesome! But it’ll take some time getting used to it,” Rebecca whispered.

“Mackenzie Carpenter!”

“HUFFLEPUFF!”

“Nicholas Carpenter!”

“GRYFFINDOR!”

“Do you think they’re twins?” Rebecca whispered.

“No,” Gabrielle whispered back. “They don’t even look like each other.”

“Cayce Cover!”

“GRYFFINDOR!”

“Wait...is that *Harry Potter*?” Emily squealed, pointing at the teachers’ table. Gabrielle stopped cheering to reply.

“Yeah. Told you he was good.”

“And cute!”

“Sonia Khan!”

“HUFFLEPUFF!”

“What do you think he’ll teach us?” Rebecca asked.

“I don’t know,” Gabrielle replied. “I think he said he had that Snape guy for Defense in his sixth year, so we’ll just see.”

“Rafael Marques!”

“SLYTHERIN!”

“Sunny McKhaver!”

“RAVENCLAW!”

“Amy Novis!”

“HUFFLEPUFF!”

“Everything but Gryffindor,” Rebecca muttered.

Suddenly Gabrielle felt vomit start creeping up. She clapped a hand over her mouth and left as discreetly as possible. She ran to the nearest bathroom and emptied her stomach of the little candy she ate on the train. She took a few deep breaths and splashed her face with cold water. She returned to the Great Hall to find that the Sorting was still taking place.

“Ben Simmons!”

“SLYTHERIN!”

“Micah Simmons!”

“RAVENCLAW!”

“Now those two are definitely twins,” Emily said to Rebecca as Gabrielle took her place.

“Gabrielle! Are you all right?” Rebecca had a worried look on her face.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Guess I’m just nervous about the school year. I could really use some water though,” Gabrielle commented, looking hopefully at Emily. She knew Emily had mastered the spell last year.

“Okay,” Emily said kindly, smiling at Gabrielle. “*Aguamenti*,” she whispered, tapping Gabrielle’s cup.

“Thanks, Em,” Gabrielle said as she took a drink from her goblet. “You’re the best.”

“Colby Williams!”

“GRYFFINDOR!”

“Aww, he’s a cutie,” Rebecca noted in a sisterly voice as the small boy came to sit at their table.

“Traci Young!”

“RAVENCLAW!”

And then Gabrielle noticed there were no other first years in line. “Light bunch, isn’t it?” she questioned.

“Eh,” Emily said. “There were more than you think when you left.

“Oh...” Gabrielle sighed as Professor Lupin stood up.

“What a pleasure it is to be your headmaster! It’s great to see new students and old students alike come back ready to learn. I’m sure we’ll have a ton of fun this year.

“First, let me welcome our new Defense against the Dark Arts teacher, Professor Harry Potter!”

Gabrielle whooped wildly as Harry stood up and waved.

“Second, I’m sure you all have heard, but let’s give a great applause to our Transfiguration teacher, Professor Granger, for finding the cure to lycanthropy! Without her, I probably wouldn’t be here.

“Third,” he said as the applause died down, “please remember that the Forbidden Forest is just as its name says – forbidden. Filch has once again added to the list of prank toys not allowed. You can see this list outside of his office.

“Now, I’m sure you all are hungry, so let’s eat!”

Night Time

“Hey Gabrielle, what happened earlier?” Rebecca asked in a worried voice while she pulled on her pajamas.

“I’m sure it was nothing, just a nervous stomach,” Gabrielle replied, not totally convinced herself.

“But you hardly ate anything at dinner,” Emily pointed out. It was true. Whatever had happened, Gabrielle didn’t want it to happen again.

“Guys, I’m going to be fine.” But as Gabrielle pulled her curtains back and drifted off to sleep, she couldn’t help but think that maybe her good feeling was wrong.

Chapter 4

Gabrielle gasped as she pulled away from the toilet. *Finally, a relief.* She closed her eyes as she wiped the sweat off her brow. This was the fourth time it had happened this week. She sighed and tugged her locks into a ponytail, in case it would happen again. Just her luck, as she finished tying the elastic around her hair she felt another strong wave of vomit coming up.

Gabrielle heard the bathroom door slam as she backed away from the toilet once more. “Gabrielle! Are you all right?” she heard Emily call. She flushed the toilet and wiped her mouth as she exited the stall. “Yeah, I’m fine.”

She was engulfed in a hug by not one, but three people. She backed away in fear of puking on her best friends.

“Are you sure? Do you need to see Madam Pomfrey?” Rebecca asked. She moved to feel Gabrielle’s forehead, but retreated in slight disgust at the perspiration that was coating it. Maddie rolled her eyes and left to get a wet towel.

“You guys, I’m fine!” Gabrielle resisted their remarks, but not the towel that Maddie had brought – that felt good. “I’m sure it’s just a stomach virus or something.”

“All the more reason to go see Madam Pomfrey! It’s been going on for two weeks, it can’t be good!” Emily exclaimed.

“Fine,” Gabrielle sighed, giving in just to get that mixture of pleading and worry off of Emily’s face. “I’ll go today after classes.”

“Gabrielle? Gabrielle? Gabrielle!” Gabrielle jumped at finally realizing someone was calling her name. Harry chuckled. “Gabrielle, time to stop zoning out and to start zoning *in* on class.”

With that he walked up to stand in front of his desk, facing the students. His eyes widened slightly as he realized all of his students were in attendance. He shook his head to get rid of the shock.

“Who can tell me what a Patronus is?” As usual, Maddie Menzel’s hand shot up like lightning. “Yes, Miss Menzel?”

“A Patronus is a defense charm used to protect the caster from dementors. The fully-fledged charm takes the form of an animal significant to the caster. It is derived by happy thoughts, so it is difficult to perform in front of dementors.”

“Difficult, indeed,” Harry chuckled. “Might I ask, Miss Menzel, can you produce a corporeal Patronus?”

She looked embarrassed, as if it was mandatory. “No, sir.”

“It’s quite alright if you can’t.” He stepped back so he could see the whole class.

“Miss Menzel mentioned the charm was for protecting oneself from a dementor, but now we don’t see much of those. However, the Patronus charm can and is used frequently as a messaging device. This could be a great thing to learn if you become an Auror or something of the sort. Now, the seventh years don’t have a choice, but I’m supposed to ask you guys if you want to learn this. So all in favor, rai-” He stopped and smiled. Before he could even finish every hand in the room was raised “I guess that’s unanimous. Now, who can produce a fully-fledged Patronus?” Immediately he saw Gabrielle’s hand shoot up. “Anyone besides Miss Delacour?”

Slowly and shyly, he saw Emily’s hand raise next to Gabrielle’s. “Ah, Miss Jantz. You know how?” She nodded shyly. “And would you mind sharing with us the memory you had the first time you produced a full Patronus?”

“Okay, that’s private,” she said, becoming the bold girl he met in seventh year. He laughed.

“Would you two care to demonstrate for the class?”

Gabrielle and Emily smiled as they walked to the front of the classroom. “I’ll go first,” Emily told Gabrielle and Harry. She closed her eyes, searching for a memory.

“Expecto Patronum!”

The class oohed and ahed at the silver hedgehog that was running around the room. Emily laughed as she called it back and it vanished.

“Okay, Gabrielle, your turn!”

Gabrielle’s eyes closed, and a look of sudden bliss came over her. She opened her eyes and said the incantation.

“Expecto - ”

She gasped out of the blue and covered her mouth, running for the door.

“Professor, may I..?” Emily asked, worry painted onto her features.

“Yes, yes, of course!” Harry rushed her. He would have followed too, had he not had a class to teach. He noticed Rebecca also leaping up to pursue her friend, but Maddie reached out to pull her down.

“Sit down!” she hissed.

“But Maddie - ”

“They know the spell. We don’t!”

“But *Maddie*-”

“She’ll be fine. She’s with Emily.”

Well, Harry thought, *it was fun while it lasted*.

“Gabrielle, I’m so glad you decided to do this now,” Emily jabbered as she took Gabrielle’s arm and dragged her upstairs.

“Actually, you kind of decided it for me,” Gabrielle pointed out. True, Emily decided it was time to go see Madam Pomfrey at that instant after Gabrielle had thrown up for the third time that day.

“Yes, but I was only thinking of your health!”

“And I’m only thinking of your homework pile. Why don’t you go to class?”

“But-”

“Em!” Gabrielle stopped her friend short. “I think I can handle this myself. Plus Harry might be teaching something you don’t know.”

“Maddie and Rebecca can give-”

“Just go! I’ll be fine!” Gabrielle laughed as she pushed her friend toward the staircase. As Emily huffed back to Defense class, Gabrielle walked through the hospital wing doors, realizing how often she’d been saying that phrase over the past few weeks.

“Ah, Miss Delacour, what a pleasant surprise! What can I do for you today?” Madam Pomfrey asked. Gabrielle was startled at how quickly Madam Pomfrey noticed her. She then noticed that she was the only patient in the wing.

“Erm, Madam Pomfrey, I think I’ve come down with a stomach virus.”

Madam Pomfrey ushered her over to the first bed and started doing a series of charmed tests. Gabrielle recognized these as a way to determine what illness she had come down with. So far only white puffs of smoke had come out of the tip of the wand. She knew that if she had what the spell indicated, a green puff of smoke would emit.

After a series of spells cast for naught, Madam Pomfrey stepped back, a look of deep concentration on her face. “What exactly gave you the impression that you have a stomach virus?” “Well, ma’am, I have been sick almost every day for the past two weeks.”

“Ah. And why didn’t you come to me sooner?”

“Because I thought it was just a mild illness, and that it would pass in a few days.”

“Hmm... I wonder,” Madam Pomfrey muttered. She drew her wand and cast one last nonverbal spell. A puff of pink smoke erupted from the tip.

Gabrielle's eyes furrowed in confusion. She knew green smoke meant illness, but what did pink smoke mean?

"Miss Delacour, I can assure you you aren't ill," Madam Pomfrey said slightly crossly. Gabrielle could have sworn she saw disappointment on her face.

"You are, however, pregnant."

Chapter 5

Gabrielle groaned as she leaned against the wall outside the hospital wing. A single tear leaked from her eye as she slid down the wall into a sitting position.

Pregnant? How was this possible? This year was supposed to have something right! In the heat of the moment, Gabrielle had forgotten to use a contraceptive charm. She had been too excited to get what she wanted to think of the consequences.

How was she going to tell Harry? How was she going to tell her friends? How was she going to explain the bump in her belly to the faculty, and most importantly, how was she going to explain her getting pregnant to her sister? Gabrielle whimpered as she finally let go, crying until it was impossible to do so anymore.

Harry looked up as classmates began to file in; the peace was disrupted. This was the second time he had sixth year Gryffindor/Ravenclaw this week, and he was slightly looking forward to finding out what had happened with Gabrielle the other day. His plan was to wait until class over, then call back Gabrielle and simply ask what was wrong. It seemed foolproof!

He then noticed that most of the students had taken their seats, though there were a few in the back left empty by some Gryffindor boys who had taken up a nasty habit of cutting class. Harry sighed as he took up his wand and gathered the class's attention.

"Good afternoon, class! Today we are going to be studying a shield charm that is slightly stronger than 'Protego.' My good friend and your Transfiguration teacher Hermione invented it for me to use against more major curses and hexes. Now, I know you have just eaten lunch and that tends to make some people a little drowsy, but this spell can be dangerous if it isn't performed correctly. I don't expect you to get it right the first time, but try to be careful. Okay, wands down, and say it with me – *Increbresco!*

"Good," Harry said after the class had repeated him. "Now I want you to envision yourself in a shield, like you do for 'Protego,' only stronger.

Now stand up and very carefully cast the spell.” Almost immediately he saw Gabrielle’s hand go up and a frantic voice called out, “Harry?”

“Yes, Gabrielle?” he asked once he had reached her desk.

“I...I can’t do it,” she said quietly, her eyes downcast at her hands in her lap, which were entwining with each other this way and that. Harry looked up to see the entire class staring at them, not having started because they had expected Gabrielle to ask a question, not proclaim she couldn’t do a spell she hadn’t ever tried. “Well, get on with it!” he barked at them, then knelt in front of Gabrielle’s desk.

“Gabrielle! I have never seen you give up on a spell this quickly before. I’ve never seen you give up on a spell at all!”

“It’s not that,” she said in that same quiet voice, not looking up.

“Then do you want to tell me what it is?” he asked in an almost brotherly voice, thinking that he might actually get to the bottom of what happened two days ago.

“Not now,” she whispered so quietly that he barely heard her through the shouting of incantations. He sighed in defeat and stood up.

“I’m sorry Gabrielle, but unless you give me reason, you must do the charm.” He moved to go to the front of the room, but stopped as she turned a book to face him and pushed it to the front of her desk. He stepped closer and stooped down to read it. It was the book he and Hermione had co-written, explaining the new spells they had invented for the war. Hermione had written the whole part about the new shield by herself, as all he knew of it was the incantation. He read over the part that Gabrielle had pointed to when she saw he was going to read it.

“The charm, however, is very dangerous when not performed correctly. Those who are pregnant or ill should not cast it if they are still learning, for it can harm them even more.”

Harry’s lips turned in a frown. Surely Gabrielle was neither of these. He stepped back and conjured a desk in the corner of the room.

“An essay on the dangers of this spell, and I’d like to see you after class.” Gabrielle hung her head in shame as she gathered her belongings. Harry felt bad for acting like that, but he took his responsibilities as a teacher seriously.

Throughout the rest of the class Harry supervised the students, making sure none of them were hurting themselves too badly, and cast a random harmless jinx at the stronger looking shields. Finally the time came for the class to end. Harry called out the homework assignment, which was the same as what he’d assigned Gabrielle, and turned to his desk to quickly sort through the other papers he’d received that day. When he looked up he saw that Gabrielle had returned to her original seat after gathering things her forgetful friends had left behind. Her eyes were once more downcast at her hands half-heartedly playing with her waist-length hair. Harry stood and strode to her desk to address her.

“Okay, now everyone’s gone. Do you mind telling me what is going on?”

Her eyes hadn’t looked up at him at all when he spoke to her, nor did she look at him now. Her mouth opened to say something, but she closed it almost instantly, a mixture of confusion, frustration, and stress falling across her features. It was then with this moment that the light played across her face and Harry saw the tears that had fallen. He instantly moved around the desk and crouched beside her in worry of the girl he had loved and cared for in the past six years.

“Gabrielle, what’s happened? What’s wrong?” he asked as he took her in his arms. This action only brought forth more tears, and it took a long while to get her to calm. She was not a loud crier, however, so Harry was inwardly startled when she pulled away enough to look at him, but still not meeting his gaze. He looked at her expectantly as she moved her hands from where they had come to be at his neck, only to stop at his, entwining them together.

“Harry...I don’t know how the hell to tell you this...” she murmured in a very quiet voice, quite unlike anything he’d ever heard from her. He gazed at her as she tried to find the right words. She finally looked up to meet his gaze and seemed to lose all focus she had gained. She

closed her eyes and all the focus she had lost visibly flooded back to her as her slightly loosened body tensed up once again.

“I’m pregnant.”

The surprise of the strength in her voice and the shock of the words she had actually said collided together so quickly that Harry nearly fell out of his chair. He let out the breath he didn’t know he had been holding quickly, almost like a reverse gasp. He had automatically dropped Gabrielle’s hands involuntarily, and it was his turn to look anywhere but at her, his brow furrowed in confusion, trying to take it all in. When he did look up at her again, he saw that hurt had replaced all other emotions etched on her face and she looked about ready to burst into tears again. Harry instantly knew she had taken his reaction in a horrible way and knew he had to fix it. He gently took her hands in his once more and searched for the right words to say.

“Have you been given advice by anyone?” he asked.

“Well, yes. Madam Pomfrey told me to tell the father.”

“Have you told him yet?”

“I just did.”

Harry’s eyes widened in shock as he took in what she said. It wasn’t that he’d forgotten what had happened between them, he just hadn’t considered the fact that he might become a father. His breath caught as he gasped and he found it hard to let it out again.

Once he finally found the strength he breathed it out, “Me?”

Gabrielle’s face remained solemn as she replied. “Yes, you.”

As moments passed and no reply came, Gabrielle stood.

“I’ll give you some time to think.” With a millisecond of hesitation she kissed his forehead, showing her nonstop affection for him. As she turned to go Harry finally came to his senses and grabbed her hand, which had swung in front of his face as she turned. In surprise she faced him once more as he stood and took her in a fierce hug full of

compassion and love. Gabrielle, on instinct, returned the hug with full force.

“It’ll be okay, Gabby, it’ll be okay,” he murmured as he rubbed her back comfortingly. The embrace lasted for a long while, but Gabrielle was the one to break it. Harry closed his eyes as he sighed, not wanting the heat that had radiated from Gabrielle to go away. He was pulled from his sigh by two soft lips placed on his own. He cherished the contact, not caring what was right or wrong in the tense yet compassion-filled moment. His eyes didn’t open when the light kiss ended, nor when he heard her whisper, “I know,” but only when he registered the coldness spreading through his body when she moved away. As he saw her leave his classroom he couldn’t help but wonder what the hell would happen next.

Chapter 6

Gabrielle waited silently as her fellow sixth years exited the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom. She heard no calls of “Gabrielle, are you coming” as she wished she would, no chance to reply “No, I’ll catch up with you at lunch.” She glanced at the seat next to her, knowing that she would see nothing that her friends had left behind, as they hadn’t even spoken to her for a week, much less sat next to her on any occasion.

She fingered the charm bracelet on her wrist that she had received on her birthday from her three friends as she thought of what she could say to get them speaking to her again. She wasn’t supposed to keep secrets, none of them were. They had made a pact when they were twelve, swearing that they would tell each other everything. She played with the charm engraved “No Secrets.” The charm next to it caught the light as the last few students passed her.

“Remain Pure.” This pact, of course, meant remain pure until you were married. This pact was made in third year after Madam Pomfrey had given the girls a sex education talk. They’d been so confident that they would resist temptation, thinking that it was so easy to not want to give yourself away to someone you (think you) truly love. They had been young.

Gabrielle heard a crash. “Damn,” she heard Harry mutter as he attempted to save any parchment that he could as ink flowed over his desktop from broken ebony bottle.

“Here, let me help,” Gabrielle spoke, picking up her wand from where it had rolled to on the desk. She caught Harry’s eye as she walked to the front of the classroom. He smiled at her, warming her heart after sinking into her pessimistic thoughts. She smiled back, knowing full well that it didn’t quite reach her eyes. She turned to the puddle of ink that was now dripping onto the floor before she could see his smile turn into a frown. Harry could tell something was wrong; he just knew her that way.

She quickly cleaned the spill, then turned to him. "Did you just now notice that I was here? Or did you suddenly choose to acknowledge me?"

He could tell that she was joking, and so he pulled her into a hug. "Aw, Gabby, you know I always know when you're here. I'd feel lonely if you weren't."

She smiled up at him. "As you should." She took a seat on Harry's now clean desk after his gesture.

"So, spill," Harry told her as he sat next to her. "What's going on?"

Gabrielle sighed. A lot of things were going on. Her best friends weren't speaking to her, she'd been kicked off the Quidditch team for "health problems," as Professor Granger had told Bryant, the captain, and a tiny bump was beginning to form on her slim figure. But she decided to talk about a problem that was weighing on her mind the most.

"Professor Granger wants me to get an abortion. So do Headmaster Lupin and Madam Pomfrey. I know it might be the wisest decision, but I just don't want to. What do I do?"

"Well, sometimes what you think is the right choice may not actually be the right choice."

"So are you saying that abortion would be the right choice?"

"No," Harry replied, locking eyes with the quarter-veela. "I'm saying that keeping the baby might be the best thing to do. Sometimes you just need to follow your heart." With this he placed his hand on her chest, right over where her heart would be. She took his hand in hers and smiled.

"What would you want?" she asked.

"Me?" Harry questioned.

"Yes, you. You're the father, you should have some say in this."

“Well,” Harry said as he shifted on his desk, realizing that Gabrielle had never let go of his hand, “I’ve always wanted to be a father, but the right girl never seemed to come along to get married to. So I guess I’m jumping for the chance.” Gabrielle’s eyes widened.

“Really? You want to keep her?” Harry laughed as he hugged her once more. “Yes, I do. But who says it’s going to be a her?”

“I do! I can just tell it’s going to be a girl,” Gabrielle stated as she pulled away.

“You can? Oh, well I guess your word is law, right?” She nodded fiercely as he caught sight of the clock on the wall. “It’s nearly time for your next class; you’d better get going.”

Gabrielle sighed as she followed his gaze. “I guess you’re right. Bye, Harry.” She slid off the desk and gave him a kiss on the cheek, as she did after every visit. As she skipped out of the room Harry could have sworn he heard her squeal. He smiled to himself as he returned to grading papers.

Little did either of them know a grown man had stood outside the doorway the whole time, astonished at what he saw.

ALVDALVDALVDLAVLDAVLDAVLD

Without a thought, Harry turned the knob on the door to the headmaster’s office and entered. His call to a meeting with Remus had been sudden, but he supposed he should get used to it. Maybe there was a student needing a little extra help, or he was needed to referee a Quidditch match.

All of his assumptions flew away as he caught one glance of the look on Remus’s face. He froze.

“Take a seat, Harry.”

Harry gulped as he moved toward the chair Remus had gestured to. He gripped the armrest as he lowered himself into the soft chair.

Somehow this time it didn't seem as soft as it had the times he'd been there previously. This couldn't be the matter of a student.

Or could it?

Seeing Harry was seated, Remus rose from his chair, bringing the Daily Prophet along with him. He began walking slowly around his desk. Harry followed him with his eyes as Remus scanned the front page of the paper.

Harry heard a crinkling sound. Remus was completely behind him, so he tried to rely on his instincts.

"Harry, do you know why you are in here?" All of a sudden Harry felt like a first year student. He got major butterflies in his stomach and his throat became very dry. His mind became blank of all reasons why he could be in trouble. Except for one.

"N-no, sir." He inwardly smacked himself for not using the courage he knew he had.

"If you had to guess," Remus questioned.

Harry gulped. He couldn't *possibly* know...

"I don't know, sir."

There was a long, uncomfortable silence. Harry felt like he would get into trouble if he spoke, but even if he did speak, he couldn't find the words to say.

"Harry, Harry, what am I going to do with you?" Remus broke the silence.

Harry was almost certain by now that Remus knew. He couldn't think of anything else that he could possibly be in trouble for. But Gabrielle had clearly told him that she had not told anyone that he was the father. Dumbledore always seemed to know everything. Is it passed down from headmaster to headmaster?

“Sorry, sir, but may I ask what I did wrong?” He turned as far as he could in his seat to see his employer. From what he could see, Remus had a scowl on his face. His voice was venomous as he spoke, and Harry feared that he would become like Bill Weasley at any second.

“What do you mean, you don’t know? You got a teenage girl pregnant, and you’re telling me YOU DON’T KNOW? I know you know, I heard you talking to her about it!” Harry was thrown forward as the impact of a rolled-up newspaper came into contact with his head. He managed to grab the desk before he lost his balance. As he looked up in shock he saw that Remus had returned to his place behind the desk, waiting for Harry to compose himself. His set glare remained.

“Remus, what the hell?”

“Harry, you know full well what the hell that was for! How could you have allowed yourself to have sex with a sixteen-year-old?”

“I don’t know!” Harry cried. “It was twelve midnight, I was tired, and I’d had a few firewhiskeys with the twins and Ron. She came in and I tried to stop her, I really did, but then she kissed me. I guess I just lost control.” He sighed as he averted his gaze to the floor.

“Lost control? Harry, are you going to lose control every time a teenage girl who has a crush on you comes in and kisses you? Or is Gabrielle ‘special?’”

“She was different. There were different circumstances than I would have with any other girl, and she wanted it, I know she did. I could feel her working that damned veela charm of hers. So it’s not like I would go out and shag every sixteen-year-old girl who looks my way, because I won’t and you know that. You know that I know better than to do that.”

Remus sat quietly, examining Harry. Harry wanted to shrink away until no one else could see him anymore.

“Well?” Remus asked suddenly.

“Well...what?” Harry questioned back. Remus shook his head.

“Harry, you need to tell Gabrielle to abort the baby. She is only sixteen, and she has her whole life in front of her. She doesn’t need a child at such a young age to weigh her down. She listens to you, and —“

“No.”

“No? Harry, you —“

“No, Remus, I won’t tell her to get an abortion. She came to me this morning and talked to me about how you and Madam Pomfrey were pressuring her to get one. She doesn’t want one, Remus, and it’s her decision. And respecting that, I would never pressure her to do something she doesn’t want to do, especially since it is my child as well. And that’s final,” he said quickly as he watched Remus open his mouth to interrupt, “so don’t try to change my mind.”

Remus closed his mouth and seemed to count to one hundred. He finally let out the breath he had been holding and spoke. “Very well. You know as well as I do that there are spells that cannot do or can harm her if done incorrectly. She will begin having separate classes with you and the teachers of other classes with the same kind of spells or potions in Slughorn’s case. You will need to protect her from danger in case she gets into a duel. Am I clear?”

“Yes, sir,” Harry replied, not once breaking his eye contact with Remus.

“Very well,” said Remus as he sat back in his chair. “You may go.” Harry stood from his chair and turned, wanting to exit the office as soon as possible. AS he reached the door, he was certain he heard a small sigh of resentment from his employer. Was he doing the right thing?

Chapter 7

"I heard that they might start a choir. Do you think you'll try out?" Jared questioned as he dipped his quill in ink.

"Har-Professor Potter told me that. If they do his friend Luna will be the director," Gabrielle told the 4th year Hufflepuff that she was tutoring. "I don't have much of a voice; I won't try out." She was lying. She had a rather good voice and she knew it. But if she was going to have a baby she wouldn't have time for extra-currics. She just hoped Jared wouldn't see through her lie.

"Oh come on, I've heard you sing before. You're great!" Tough luck.

"If they start it, they'll do it next year. And by then I'll be a bit...tied up."

She felt a chill as he looked her right in the eyes. They had been friends ever since third year when she had first been asked to tutor him. He could tell everything about her just by looking at her, which was what she was afraid of as his eyes traveled down to her stomach.

"Do you have a ribbon?" he asked suddenly. Gabrielle breathed a sigh of relief as she untied the ribbon around her wrist. He knew. She knew he knew. And he knew she knew he knew, but he wasn't going to talk about it. She was glad she had at least one friend she could trust that wouldn't pester her.

He thanked her and tied his shoulder-length hair into a ponytail. He glanced up and noticed that she had never looked away.

"Whoa, Gabrielle, I know that I'm cute and all, but that baby has a father and we're two years apart. I'm sorry, but it just wouldn't work." Gabrielle giggled as she began to tear a small piece off of her parchment. "It wouldn't? Oh, now you've broken my heart!" She playfully threw the parchment that was now turned into a little ball.

"Sorry 'bout that," he said as he returned the favor, "but that's the way the Snitch is caught."

Their paper fight continued for a short while until Jared suddenly stopped.

"I think I have to go. See you later, Gabby."

As he stood to bustle his way out of the library, Gabrielle watched him go, upset that something had stopped the most fun she'd had in a while. She soon saw what the most likely reason was.

"I'm only talking to you because Emily and Rebecca wouldn't be able to keep a rational head, and I'm willing to give you another chance," said Maddie as she slid into the seat Jared had sat in just a minute before.

"Fine, but there's really nothing I can say," Gabrielle shot back. There probably was, but what she could say would make Maddie hate her even more.

"You could tell me the secret you're keeping, because we know there is one."

"Or I could keep my mouth shut, because if I told you, you'd hate me even more for breaking yet another promise."

"We don't and wouldn't hate you, and telling the secret would let you be free of one grudge," Maddie replied coolly.

"Look, Maddie, I just can't tell you. I'm sorry."

Maddie sighed at her former friend. "Fine. I will see you around, Gabrielle." And she was gone.

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"Oi, Delacour."

Harry stopped. That voice sounded familiar. He thought it might be a Slytherin that Gabrielle had told him about, kind of a female Malfoy. If they got into a fight.... He stood where he was, waiting to hear where the conversation was going.

"What do you want, Morrissa?" That voice was not Gabrielle's. That was Rebecca's, he knew. Had the four become friends again?"

"Can't a girl just come to say hi and maybe squash a rumor?"

"And what rumor would that be?" That was Gabrielle.

"That you got kicked off of the Quidditch team. Is it true? Are you *that* bad?" He heard giggles. Morrissa had a posse with her.

"Yes, I am no longer on the Quidditch team, but I resigned because of...health problems."

"So? What are they? We need to set these rumors straight, now don't we Delacour?"

"My health problems are none of your business, and the way to get rid of the rumors is to just stop passing them."

"Uh-huh." She said something so quietly that he could not hear, and he began to worry.

"Okay, Delacour, don't tell us. But you wouldn't want us telling some people that you're--"

"INFANARRO!" Harry ran around the corner. The girl who cast the spell was not Morrissa, but another. Knapp, he thought her name was. But that wasn't the problem. The spell that was cast was a spell to see if someone was pregnant. Gabrielle's friends were staring in shock. Morrissa's friends were smiling with glee. Knapp looked smug. And Gabrielle had started crying.

"Twenty points from Slytherin, and a detention for you, Knapp. Now go along, there's nothing to see."

Morrissa stood her ground, looking at Harry, then Gabrielle, then back at Harry. Then her smile widened even more.

"Au contraire, Professor. There is plenty to see here. Plenty." Harry wasn't sure if they knew it was true or not, but he was sure that they would tell everyone, ruining both his and Gabrielle's reputation.

“So much juice!”

“This is rich!”

“Way to go, Vaunda!”

These remarks he heard as he moved to comfort Gabrielle. Her friends had looks of disbelief, disgust, and loathing on their faces. He had thought that they would move forward to console her immediately, but apparently he was wrong.

He placed a hand on her should while gesturing that the girls should move on as well. Emily and Maddie walked away, but Rebecca stayed.

“Slut,” she snapped cruelly before joining the other two. Harry heard Gabrielle gasp from pain of losing her friends for good. He knew Rebecca had always been bold, but he never thought she’d say something so low to her own housemates.

“Fifteen points from Gryffindor,” he called after her, feeling Gabrielle shaking from her quiet tears.

He put his arm around her shoulder and led her away from the cruelties she had never faced before.

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“Rebecca, Emily, and Maddie wanted to know what was wrong. I was trying to tell them that I couldn’t tell them or they’d hate me, but they didn’t listen. They just kept getting angrier and angrier, Rebecca especially. That’s when Morrissa came along,” Gabrielle told him after she had finally calmed down.

“You don’t need to tell me any more. I think I heard it all from there.” Harry was holding the girl close on the couch in his private rooms, not wanting anything else bad to happen to her.

“Harry, what do I do? Now the whole school is going to know I’m pregnant, and with your baby no less!” Blue eyes locked with green, one set filled with concern, the other refilling with tears.

"I don't know, Gabby, I don't know." As she began crying again she rested her head on his shoulder. He began running his fingers through her long hair, murmuring soft words of comfort in French, which she had taught him long ago. He had learned around that same time that these things comforted her.

Some time had passed that Harry couldn't count. The girl in his arms had begun breathing steadily, telling him that she had fallen asleep.

He began to recall something Remus had asked that morning at breakfast. 'Do you love her?' He had caught Harry staring down at Gabrielle, who was now taking comfort in sitting at the Hufflepuff table with her fourth-year friend. This question had gotten Harry to think.

Did he love her? He had always loved her like a sister. That's one way. *But brothers don't have sex with their sisters. Most of them, anyway,* he thought.

But now he realized that he had begun caring for her more deeply than he had ever cared for anyone. He cared for her more than he had even cared for Ginny or even Hermione. He didn't feel mushy; he didn't get butterflies every time she walked into the room. But he did always seem to feel better when she was there, always seemed to be glad that he would get to spend time with her once more. He had never experienced true love before, but he guessed this must come close.

Did he love her? Yes, he believed he did.

Chapter 8

"Psst. Harry. Time to get up!"

"No," he moaned, pulling his pillow over his head. "Too early. It's Saturday."

"But it's a Hogsmeade Saturday," Gabrielle giggled, trying to pry the pillow from his fingers.

"Why do you want to go to Hogsmeade this bloody early?" he groaned, tightening his grip.

Gabrielle sat straight up. "Harry James Potter, it is ten thirty AM. Get your butt out of this bed, we have baby shopping to do!"

Harry rolled over to look at the girl sitting directly in front of him. "Baby shopping?"

"Yes, baby shopping. Do you realize that I am nearly eight months along and we haven't gotten a single thing for our baby?" Harry let himself be tugged out of bed by his hands as he scanned over her body. Was she really seven months going on eight? Being a veela had its advantages. If she wore one of his shirts that were much too big for the petite girl, she could pretty much hide the bump in her belly.

Gabrielle moved towards his dresser and started searching for something he could wear. "Here." She tossed him a plain black shirt and casual khaki pants. He pulled on the pants immediately, but stopped when he reached the shirt.

"Gabby, this shirt has short-sleeves," he stated, holding the shirt up for her to see. His vision was soon obscured by something being laid on his head.

"And that's why you wear a jacket, dearie," Gabrielle said matter-of-factly, closer than she had been before. After Harry had wrestled the shirt over his head and tugged on his jacket, he looked up to see that Gabrielle too had donned a pair of his jeans, his shirt, and his

sweatshirt, and expression on her face telling him that she felt like she had waited for centuries.

“Well, come on, let’s go!” She grabbed his hand as she led him out of the room.

As they stepped into the cool March air, Harry couldn’t help but notice that they definitely weren’t the only couple holding hands. He knew that he had always looked young for his age and because of the veela charm Gabrielle looked older. No one in the baby store would suspect anything, but the whole school knew what was really going on.

The first notes of a lullaby played as they entered the store. A clerk was with them almost immediately. “May I help you?”

“No thank you,” Harry said kindly. “We’re just looking.” Gabrielle had spotted newborn baby clothes, and had promptly pulled him along to get a closer look.

An hour later they had plenty of supplies such as clothes and bottles, but they still hadn’t decided on a crib.

“Gabby, why can’t we just get that pink one back there? It was nice.”

“Yeah, but there’s a better one here, I can just feel it. I-“she began to say, but stopped as her eyes connected with something to her right. As Harry followed her gaze she released his hand and moved toward the crib.

“Harry, look! It’s perfect!” As Harry came up closer he saw that the crib was designed with two teams playing Quidditch. The fourteen players were moving all across the crib lining, the Quaffle being passed from seam to seam. “There,” Harry whispered as he caught sight of the Snitch.

“It says that all fourteen characters can be changed to anyone you choose, and you can change the colors too! Oh, let’s get it, please?” she pleaded as she turned on him. He couldn’t resist laughing at the puppy dog face she was giving him.

“Fine.” He called over a nearby clerk.

“Good choice, good choice. Would you like to change the players?” he asked when he saw what the couple was gesturing towards.

“Yes, I think we would. I think I’d like the Gryffindor Quidditch team of my first through third year, when Oliver Wood was captain,” Harry told the clerk.

“And I’d like the Gryffindor team of last year,” Gabrielle added. Luckily, the clerk knew just what they both were talking about.

“Wonderful, I’ll have it arranged. And who would you like it mailed to?”

“Just mail it to Harry Potter.” The clerk’s eyes widened, then shifted to look back and forth between the two.

“Well, congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Potter.”

Gabrielle giggled as they walked to the checkout line. “Gabrielle Potter. I like that.”

“Maybe someday, my dear,” Harry smiled. “Maybe someday.”

ALVDALVDALVDLAVLDAVLDAVLD

Gabrielle squealed as they entered their now shared room. Gabrielle had moved in after her friends had completely shunned her out of her own dormitory.

“This is just perfect! Isn’t it perfect, Harry?” she asked as she fell onto the couch. Harry laughed as he tossed away his jacket then sat next to her.

“Yes, it is perfect, but there’s one more thing we need to talk about.”

“What’s that?”

“Where are you going to live, and where’s the baby going to stay? You still haven’t told your sister. How do you think she’s going to react?”

“You’re right,” she gasped. “Fleur’s going to freak. What am I going to do?”

“Well...I’ve been thinking. Remus is letting me go after this year because of what happened, and I think it’s high time I bought a house of my own instead of imposing on the Weasleys. So I was wondering if you’d maybe like to live with me.”

She stared at him in shock. “Are you serious?”

“Yes, I am. Very serious.”

“Well...well...yes, Harry, I’d love to!” she squeaked as she gave him the biggest hug he had ever received in his life. “Thank you,” she told him as she pulled away.

Harry looked down at the girl – no, young lady – that he loved. He pushed a strand of golden hair behind her ear. Now was as good a time as any other.

He kissed her. It was the first time he had ever initiated the kiss. He had never kissed anyone like he kissed her before, and he was only kissed back like that once before – the night that this had all began.

“Wow.” Gabrielle’s statement had wrapped up the whole feeling they had shared, the shocks and tingles that went through both of their bodies.

“Wow, indeed,” Harry breathed. She rested her head on his shoulder; they snuggled for the rest of the night, only to be interrupted by more kisses.

Chapter 9

The bishop raised the chair it was sitting on, bringing it down to beat the king to a bloody pulp. No mercy. Harry cheered it on as Gabrielle groaned, placing her head in her hands.

“Not again! That’s the third time in a row you’ve beaten me!”

“Sorry, dear, but there are only two things that I won’t surrender if I know I’m going to win, and that’s Quidditch and wizard’s chess. Another game?” he asked as he repaired the broken chess pieces.

“No, I think I’ll pass,” she replied. “I’ll need to practice more with Jared before I have another round with you. Now if you’ll excuse me, I need to take care of some business.” She promptly arose and went to the lavatory.

Jared...Gabrielle talked about that boy a lot. Harry supposed it was because Jared was the only kid in school that stood by Gabrielle after her secret(s) was/were revealed. He had never been a jealous type, but he couldn’t help but feel a twinge whenever she started talking about him. Then she would notice and give him a peck, reassuring Harry that she loved him.

“HARRY!”

HE rushed from his seat and burst through the bathroom door. Gabrielle was standing in a small puddle of water, a look of strange glee crossing her features.

“My water broke.”

ALVDALVDALVDLAVLDAVLDAVLD

The labor had gone surprisingly well. As soon as they had arrived in the hospital wing Madam Pomfrey had given Gabrielle a potion to make the contractions easier. Gabrielle had pushed twice, both of which she had hardly tried, and then Anastasia Lily Violet Delacour was born.

"She's beautiful," Harry murmured. The baby had been weighed, measured, bathed, and was now swaddled in blankets and was nestled in her mother's arms. Harry was lying on the bed next to Gabrielle, his arms wrapped around the new mother and their new baby.

"Yes, she is," Gabrielle murmured back. She began playing with the soft fuzz of hair that Anastasia (or Ana, as they liked to call her) had on her head. It was quite interesting; Harry had never seen hair like Ana's before. Normally, black would be a dominant color, especially since most Potters born had black hair. But veela hair was also dominant, so Ana's hair looked like it was black and highlighted blonde.

"So, what now?" Gabrielle paused, looking up at Harry. "Now I have a child. I'm going to have to spend a lot of time with her. I won't have time to go back to my regular classes."

"Well, I suppose you could watch her while I'm teaching, and I could watch her when you're going to your classes, and I could teach you defense while we're watching her together," Harry thought over.

"We could do that...but we'd have to go somewhere else."

"That's true," Harry reasoned. "We wouldn't want Ana to get hurt."

"So that's settled. What else do we have to decide for now?" Gabrielle questioned.

Harry kissed her forehead. "You must be tired. Let's go over everything else in the morning."

And so they slept.

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A knock on the door. The sound of nearby birds. A faint suckling from the baby and her bottle. And her own pulse beating rapidly. This was all Gabrielle heard as she waited nervously.

The school year was over. She was finally away from all the taunting. At least for the summer. No more Morrissa, or Knapp. But that would also mean that she probably wouldn't see Jared either.

The door opened. She was pulled out of her thoughts when Mrs. Weasley reached out to hug Harry, who had his arms full. She then reached out for Gabrielle, but stopped.

"Who's this?" she asked warily, eyeing Ana. Gabrielle shifted the baby to her right shoulder. She uncomfortably spoke.

"H-hi, Mrs. Weasley. May I just speak to my sister?"

Mrs. Weasley frowned, but let them in. As they entered the living room, many people got up to greet them, but stopped when they saw the baby. The only ones that didn't seem to be in shock were Hermione and her husband Charlie, whom she must have told.

"What ees this?" Fleur finally snapped. "Ose baby ees this?"

Gabrielle gulped. "M-mine, Fleur." They stared at one another, then finally Fleur raised her hand and pointed to the door.

"Sortez."

Gabrielle hung her head. This was what she expected, what she was planning on doing anyways. But she had expected yelling, screaming, anything but just a simple "get out." She felt Harry's arm wrap around her.

"Come on, Gabby, let's go."

Chapter 10

Harry opened the front door of the house he had been living in for twenty-six years. He was greeted by a squeal, followed by “DADDY!” In turn, a blow throwing him off balance as his three-year-old daughter jumped and latched herself onto his waist followed the shriek. Thirteen years as an Auror did a person good, though. He regained his balance immediately and squeezed her back with the same intensity.

“Lissy!” he chuckled. He set her down, pushing back her bleach-blond hair. “How was your day?”

“Good. Mummy and I painted!”

“Ah, I see!”

He wandered down the hallway in search of his spoken of but not seen wife. “Gabby!”

Finally finding her in the kitchen, he moved behind her quietly, wrapping his arms around her waist as she hand-washed the dishes she and Lissy had dirtied earlier that day. “Love, why don’t you just use magic?”

“Mmm, it’s more soothing this way.” She closed her eyes and leaned back against him. He kissed her forehead, as she was still a good head shorter than he. They stood like this for a long while, until they felt a nudging between their legs, signifying the arrival of their younger child. Harry laughed, swooping down to pick up his daughter, named Melissa slyly after Dumbledore, meaning a honeybee. A simple token to remember him by.

“Where’s Ana?” he questioned.

“Still at Muggle play practice,” mused Gabrielle as she returned to the dishes.

“What play are they doing now?”

“I’m not sure. Something about letters to God.”

"I see. So will she be home for dinner."
"Yes!" Ana, with her out-of-control black and blonde hair, replied as she bounded through the kitchen door. "What's cooking?"

"Nothing, yet, but go wash Lissy and yourself up and you can help," her mother replied.

"Ugh. Little sisters." But she obliged, picking up her little sister and leaving the room.

Harry leaned against the counter, looking at his beyond beautiful wife. "And how did I managed to get practically the most perfect family there is?"

"You didn't. But you've got us." Gabrielle once more put down the dishes, wiping her hands off and looking up at him.

"Well, it's certainly good enough for me," he smiled, kissing her on the lips. They stayed for a while, but not all good things can last.

"EEEEEEWWWW! MOMMY AND DADDY ARE GIVING COOTIES!"

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A/N: Did it suck as much as the original chapter ten? I finally got fed up of writing the sequel and procrastinating so long. Plus, today I realized the sequel sucks too. But I guess I'll just have to live.